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Tyrone and Lesley in a Spot.
[Inter-arts]

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<https://vimeo.com/183306122>

Tyrone and Lesley In a Spot DR 6

Created by David Megarrity and Nathan Sibthorpe

Songs by David Megarrity and Samuel Vincent with Kellee Green

Written by David Megarrity

Projections by Nathan Sibthorpe

Performed by Tyrone and Lesley

Produced by Metro Arts

This performance was creatively developed with the assistance of Metro Arts and The Australia Council for the Arts

It premiered at the Brisbane Powerhouse on June 12, 2016

Hope, according to Havel, is different from optimism. It is a state of the soul rather than a response to the evidence. It is not the expectation that things will turn out successfully but the conviction that something is worth working for, however it turns out. Its deepest roots are transcendental, beyond the horizon. (Seamus Heaney, *Finders Keepers* 2002:47)

Introduction

Tyrone and Lesley in a Spot is a piece of Composed Theatre, created on a shoestring, and run on the smell of an oily rag. Presented by two performers and a technician it looks like a simple music gig, supported by basic use of concert visuals, presented on a vintage screen, but it turns out to be much more.

Tyrone and Lesley play their songs on ukulele and double bass, framed by patter, augmented by images on the screen, united in performance. There is no backstory or exposition other than what may be perceivable in the performance encounter, though this has shifted to include a certain self-consciously biographical strand. They are aware that they are employing certain production elements to enhance the quality of their regular presentation, and perhaps make them more popular.

Elements of song, image, text and action often draw on the natural world of sea, sky, and moon, as well as elements of domestic interiors like flowers, light bulbs, and a half-full glass. They progressively combine and rearticulate, influencing one another to reveal that these repeated and fragmentary attempts to enhance the concert, with their obviousness, failures, tangents and gaps, become their own kind of spectacle.

Song/Music

The music is mostly original compositions by David Megarrity and Samuel Vincent, with Kellee Green. It is likely that Samuel Vincent and David Megarrity will compose or improvise interstitial music which will lend flow from one sequence to the next. Some sequences (the top and tail of the show) will involve pre-recorded music edited from the studio recordings of Tyrone and Lesley.

Action/Performance

Tyrone and Lesley are the performance personae of David Megarrity and Samuel Vincent. Versatile and responsive to new performance conditions, these two have previously presented shows on theatre and music stages. The show is driven by songs, and is ostensibly a concert presentation for the cabaret stage.

Text/words

Each song is framed by the patter Tyrone offers. While derived from song introductions road-tested in various concerts, it was composed last. This text is minimal, knowing, chatty yet poetic and self-aware spoken words that point to various information states; that is the performers (and the audience's) knowledge of '*who needs to know what, about what, and when*'. Lesley most usually is a non-verbal, but no less expressive presence.

Image/projection

A free-standing vintage collapsible screen is the surface upon which images are projected. Its default state is of a white spot, resembling a spotlight, on a dark or black background. Sequences will tend to begin and end in this state. The screen content actively plays with perceptions of borders and edges; that is to say, where the image *appears to*, and *actually* begins and ends. The performance plays with ambiguity between the 'perceived' and 'actual' of the screen edges, meaning that the video content (issuing from a single projector) is projected across an area larger than the projection screen, hitting areas of the wall or curtains behind

Creative development opened up other areas of experimentation including

- Playing with perceived transparency of screen
- Playing with transformation of objects (scale/real or represented)
- Playing with resemblance of objects (circular things) often towards transformation
- Playing with actual and perceived/virtual space (including reflexive images of the screen itself and its contents –mise en abyme)

This script & Creative Development

This text represents a series of collaboratively derived possibilities, modular and initially written for recombination, rearrangement and mutual influence. The creative development of the project emphasised the maintenance of a state of play between visual, musical and performance elements which was open and interaxial, rather than prescribed by a preconceived linear narrative structure.

ACT 1

Opening sequence

Pre-recorded music. Screen in pre-show state. House lights down. Music swells. A bright circle on the screen. Small. It expands. It resembles a spotlight on the screen.

Words appear: 'Tyrone and Lesley'.

Images appear in the spotlight. Tyrone and Lesley in the year 2000. Tyrone and Lesley in 2005. 2010. Archival photos clunkily flash before us in a magic lantern show which briefly traces the duo's long history.

Tyrone and Lesley enter. A walk with slightly choreographed elements. They stand either side of the screen and regard the spot. It expands. That's as big as it gets. Tyrone and Lesley bend and stoop into the illuminated circle.

Now they are literally in a spot. Above their heads, the legend appears: 'Tyrone and Lesley in a Spot'. They 'present', eliciting applause.

Tyrone walks to the mic. Tyrone snaps his fingers to make the spot disappear. He then stylishly 'forces' the circle to be smaller. Walking to his mic, it swells. Tyrone turns to check on it. Before he turns, it retreats in size. It returns to its default state- 'the spot'.

Lesley picks up his double bass, Tyrone steps up to the mic. They play in percussive unison with the last notes of the prerecorded music. There is a pause for applause as they present.

TYRONE: Good Evening. My name is Tyrone and this is my friend Lesley. And what I'm saying now is the introduction to the first song.

LESLEY plays something that morphs into the bassline of Rapper's Delight

Rapper's Delight (version)

TYRONE: I said a hip, a hop, hippie to the hippie the hip, hip a hop, you don't stop, a rock it to the bang bang boogie, say up jump the boogie the rhythm of the boogie the beat. Now what you hear is not a test, I'm rappin to the beat, and me, the groove, and Lesley are going to try to move your feet. See my name is Tyrone, and I'd like to say 'hello' to the black, to the white to the purple and yellow but first I gotta bang bang, the boogie to the boogie, say up jump the bookie to the bang bang boogie, let's rock' you don't stop, rock the rhythm while we're in the spot . Well so far you've heard my voice but I bought this friend along, so next on the bass is my man Lesley, come on Lesley play that song.

*Lesley plays a cool, funky masterful bass part. He's all over it. Tyrone plays funk rhythm on the uke. The audience is in good hands.
The pair stop on a dime, hold and bow. Applause ensues.*

TYRONE: Thankyou. This is Tyrone and Lesley in a spot. A spot of music, a spot of light. A spot of light music. Just us. Him, me and I can spot all of you out there tonight. This is our opening night. And our closing night, so we're glad you've made your way this spot to be with us. It's much better with you here.

Tonight there's no story. Just songs. And lots of ukulele. They say ukuleles are sweeping the world at the moment, but that's completely untrue, because it's brooms that are sweeping the world at the moment. But this, this little thing. Imagine picking up one of these and still expecting to be taken seriously. But that's what we're doing.

UKULELE IN YOUR POCKET (Megarrity/Green)

Its ladylike curves
and four strings serve
to release the music in me.
It'll turn your minor
to a major key

The road we're on's a fretboard
and you may think I'm a kook,
but to me the moon is just the soundhole
of a gigantic uke
so...

Here's a little tune for you
Listen before you knock it
I'm very pleased to see you
And there's a ukulele in my pocket

Even when I'm on skid row
You'd never see me hock it
Though I know I don't need the dough
With a ukulele in my pocket

uke can be a beginner
Or uke can be a pro
But in your dreams
Uke can be a virtuoso (I know so)

If uke can believe that
Uke can do it
Roll up your sleeve
And uke can get to it

Pick up a uke and your blues'll vanish
If music be the food of love
I'm famished

play it low or play it high
hang it on your heart like a locket
Sigh or cry, or say goodbye
Humming with the harmony between you and I
Sock it to me like a rocket
With a ukulele in your pocket

During the song, the spot enlarges. Slowly, it becomes a moon. At some stage in the song – intro, or by its conclusion, the moon briefly develops four stripes across it, as if it is a Ukulele's sound-hole, viewed from inside the instrument. This transformation may not be noticed.

TYRONE: You seem like people of refined pleasures. Allow me to applaud your good taste in ukulele players this evening. We're in a bit of a spot, you see, because we're not quite as famous as we should be. So we're looking forward to playing for you tonight, as well as enhancing our performance with the addition of this *(he indicates the screen)* thing. Quite a lot of expenses have been spared in bringing you this presentation, which we really think might push us into cult status. Just you wait.

An alert sounds. A red circle and line appear, congruent with the circumference of 'the spot'. An image of a mobile phone appears onscreen in the spot. A hand-drawn, info-graphic style. 'No phones' it seems to say. The phone then disappears from the screen, and the red-crossed circle remains. A selection of 'other things you shouldn't do at the theatre' appear. They may include operating heavy machinery, paragliding and cows.

However, some of you may not have darkened the doors of a cabaret venue before, so I'm obliged to ask you to turn your phones to silent, as they interfere with our navigational systems. You can take photos, as long as you don't use a flash, and guarantee to use the images to make us more popular somehow. There are a number of other things that are prohibited in the theatre...

The screen shows what they are. Fishing, horesriding, etc. TYRONE doubletakes.

I really hope.. this whole thing... we're attempting... works out... because there's a sense of occasion tonight.

The 'prohibited' signs cease.

There's a song for every occasion. Happy Birthday, We wish you a Merry Christmas. But there's a smaller, everyday occasion for which there has been no song. Until now.

EXCUSE ME (Megarrity)

Excuse me, excuse me, I think I just behaved rather rudely
Excuse me, but it amused me
I'm little I suppose -
A little on the nose
Excuse me.

Excuse me, excuse me, I think it's just a little bit of food in me
Excuse me? What's it trying to do to me?
It smells like garbage bin but
It's better out than in
Excuse me.

Excuse me, excuse me, I think I just behaved rather rudely
Excuse me, but it amused me
I'm little I suppose -
A little on the nose
It smells like garbage bin but
It's better out than in
And so I stand accused
My I be excused?

Excuse me. Excuse me. Excuse me.

TYRONE: I've been treading the boards for some time. Nearly thirty years. With meals and toilet breaks. You might look at me and wish you had just a sprinkling of the vagabond charisma I exude. But for a long time I was playing solo, and it's no picnic working by yourself. Backstage, I'd gather myself in a circle to wish myself luck before I went on. Then each performance was just me in the spot. Sometimes I'd hear this droning noise during solo gigs, and realise that it was me talking in-between songs. Afterwards, I might invite myself out for a drink. Actually, I'm quite thirsty now. Most nights I'd find myself taking myself home after the gig and wake to find I'd be gone in the morning.

Tyrone goes to the small table back near the screen, picks up the glass of water and takes a sip. He returns it to the table.

Oops I just drank half the rider. See? It's not all glamour. It can be lonely.

LONELY (Megarrity/Vincent)

I'm quite lonely
There's no-one but myself
I sit here being lonely
Along with everyone else

Nothing so low as solo
No company in that
I'd love a little brother or sister
Or failing that, a rat.

BR

One cup in the cupboard,
One book on the shelf
Just the wind to listen to
All by myself
One cup in the cupboard,
One book on the shelf
Just the wind to whistle to
All by myself

On the upside it's peaceful.
You can hear your soft drink
But there's no-one around to notice it –
to say 'listen how quiet it is'

Some games are no good
Tiggy, snap or chess
But when I play there's no way
I can't win and be the best.

During the song, the spot (slowly) becomes a glass viewed from above, a glassy circle encompassing the meniscus of water in the glass. This then shifts to side view, and we can see it is half full. The glass becomes a wobbly drawing of itself. All subtle, all slow. Then it returns to its neutral state. The spot. On the table, the glass of water glows (illuminated by a patch of projection)

TYRONE: But as you can see, I'm not alone. Allow me to introduce, on the bass, Lesley. Around 17 years ago, Lesley and I played our first gig together, not far from here. Before too long we were playing the Sydney Opera House. Remember that Lesley? Ukulele Mekulele, 2002. The milling, seething crowds lining the road. We passed them all as we pushed our little trolley out of the Sydney Opera House. They were there to see the Australian Idols. Some would say we peaked early. But you'd be wrong. Plateaued, maybe. But we found each other, and now I simply can't imagine doing all this without you. Writing and playing songs together. That's what we do.

GENTLEMEN SONGSTERS (Megarritty/Vincent)

Gentle men:

Gentlemen Songsters

Charming, disarming

Causing no harming

Have a song in their hearts

They know their parts

Gentlemen songsters

Love gone wrongsters

Singing, swinging

Each tune bringing

atonement

in the moment

Singing a Gentlemen's song.

It's not accidental

They're so sentimental

How can it be wrong

To find love in a song?

To find love in a song?

Gentlemen songsters

No longer youngsters

To sing's the thing

To strum, let it ring

It appeals to be

musically

as young as you feel to be

Age is just mental

These men are so gentle

How can it be wrong

To find love in a song?

To find love in a song?

The spot gets smaller. It splits into two. The two dots then assume different colours – one brown, one maroon, then details appear that indicate they are actually the hats of Tyrone and Lesley viewed from above. The photo-real images may then become drawings of themselves (possibly during solo) the dots then return to their photo-real forms, their colour and details fade, then coalesce back into the spot's singular and neutral state by the end of the song.

TYRONE: We started off playing songs from the 1930's – other people's songs. Classy stuff. Then we thought let's write one of our own! I thought long and hard about what issues I'd like to address, and brought a set of lyrics to Lesley, who said he'd compose something. Weeks passed. We got together to rehearse, I said what have you got, and he played me the song you're about to hear. And there it was. Our first song. Many years later he confessed to me that he made it up on the spot. I've mentioned issues – but this one's really more about raising awareness.

BOTTOMS (Megarrity/Vincent)

Where would we be without bottoms?
I think the whole world would stop.
For without bottoms
Life would be just tops.

Take a look inside anything you like
And you'll see a bottom at the bottom
People never think about bottoms
But (t) Bottoms shouldn't be forgotten
"bottoms!"

Bottoms keep the stuff in things
Stop it all from falling through
Think of the all the joy that bottoms bring
There's one right underneath you

Take a look underneath anything you like
And you'll see a bottom at the bottom
People never think about bottoms
But (t) Bottoms shouldn't be forgotten
"bottoms!"

So sing out now for bottoms
No matter where they hide
And it won't be long before we sing
A song for corners, tops and sides.
"bottoms!"

An animated arrow moves within the circle, indicating its bottom. It shifts until it resembles a bottom, resulting in a choreographed double-take. Tyrone and Lesley bow, absorb the applause, and move straight into the next song.

TYRONE: This is a cabaret festival, isn't it? We don't really fit, do we? Good thing I've got this ukulele. This little instrument helps the misfits fit. If this was a cabaret, you may be looking for some kind of story in what we're doing, but there isn't one. If there was one, it'd be true. But I'm here to tell you, there's no story, just songs. Just songs, no story. But if you find one, let us know. No? Know.

KNOW (Megarrity/Megarrity)

As we know,
There are known knowns
The things we know we know
I know this

We also know
There are known unknowns
Things we know we don't know
I know this

There are also
Unknown unknowns
Things we don't know we don't know.
I know this
I know this

During the instrumental intro, the circle swells to reveal a question mark. As the song progresses, the dot of the question mark swells to reveal another question mark inside it. Perhaps this happens once every verse.

ACT 2

Tyrone and Lesley bow. Somewhat unusually. Instead of bending forward from the waist, they tilt, skewwhiff, at strange angles, with the same intention.

TYRONE: But you know, if this show doesn't hit the spot, and break the big time, we could head down the path of education, sharing the joy that the ukulele can bring, through, say, a series of instructional videos. What if there was a simple song you could play on the ukulele, one-handed, and learn in under a minute? Well, there is. Want to see it?

It's based in the simple mnemonic of the interval of the ukulele strings. A 6th Chord. My Dog Has Fleas. All a beginner need do is to follow this simple instructional video Lesley and I have devised, and then you can be like..well, like us, and who wouldn't want that?

MY DOG HAS FLEAS (Megarrity)

My dog has fleas
My fleas has dog
My dog has fleas has my

Dog has dog has my
Dog has dog has fleas
Dog has dog has my fleas my fleas my

The video screen fires up with a crudely made instructional video. Words appear, My. Dog. Has. Fleas. Tyrone shifts from a position of leading the video, and audience, to following what seems to be an impractically complex learning activity. It shifts into a song, and is likely to leave the audience behind. At the conclusion of the song, the spot returns to its neutral state.

TYRONE: See? Simple as A,D, F# and B.

TYRONE plays with moving in and out of the light. He seems distracted. He gradually shifts to the screen.

Being onstage, you have to find your light. It's warm. No good hanging out in the dark. They say everyone should find their own place in the sun. But what if it's night-time?

MOON SONG (Megarrity)

New Moon
Waxing Crescent
First Quarter

Waxing Gibbous
Full Moon
Waning Gibbous

Last Quarter
Waning Crescent
New Moon

Tyrone stands in front of the screen. He is illuminated by the spot, from the waist up. The spot turns into a moon. Tyrone and Lesley play the instrumental intro of Moon Song. As the vocals start, he leaves the illuminated disc and goes to the mic.

The spot transforms into the moon, which then shifts through phases. The tide comes up during this song.

TYRONE: Took us a whole month to write that song.

The tide goes out when Tyrone and Lesley bow

TYRONE: Anyone here got a furry companion? I refer to teddy bears, madam. Everyone had one. Some have still got them. We made a show about them. It's night time. Let's take you there, to those lonesome dusk lands between awake, and asleep. It's not too early for a lullaby, is it?

BEAR WITH ME (Megarrity/Vincent)

The light is out
And I have called
There's no answer
From down the hall

Curtain shifts
Trees outside
And my eyes
Are open wide

When I cannot bear it
You'll have to bear with me
Safe and sound
Arms wrapped around
Bear with me
Bear with me

The things I whisper
In my bed
Your face is always
Interested

I wonder what
You do all day
With those eyes that don't
Look away.

During this song, the spot transforms into a round window. A light bulb hangs there. It transforms into the moon and we are looking outside into the night sky.

TYRONE: Look. It's still night time. Aren't we strange? We step out of a glowing evening into a windowless theatre, where we've put up all these lights to pretend it's not so dark. I like them. I find them attractive, these lights. I think it's mutual. I keep coming back. When they shine, I'm aflutter. Where you find light bulbs, you'll find moths, hovering around these mini-moons we've made. Yes. Moths. This song takes you inside the mind of a moth.

MOTH SONG (Megarritty/Vincent)

It's hot, it's bright, I like it
It's hot, it's bright, I like it
It's hot, it's bright, I like it
Ow.

It's hot, it's bright, I don't like it
It's hot, it's bright, I don't like it
It's hot, it's bright, I don't like it.
Mmmm.

Repeat.

The light bulb is perceivable through the 'glow' of the spot. It hangs from a cord. During the moth song, moths gather around the light bulb. They fly out into the space. They land on Tyrone. After the song, one moth is urged back behind the screen, but flies out towards Lesley, who herds it away.

The lightbulb reverts to a glow, then shifts to form a glass of water, viewed from above. Then back to its normal spot shape.

TYRONE: Thanks. Took us a whole moth to write that song. I fancy a drink. *(the glass, sitting on the small table near the screen, is half full)* Where's yours? Back there somewhere? Oh well. You should have pre-set it. You can't just leave the stage in the middle of the show. But Lesley, would you consider this glass half full, or half empty?

LESLEY offers a musical response. A brilliant bassline. TYRONE goes into lounge-singer mode.

The spot gets smaller and moves to the bottom right of the screen, highlighting the glass of water. Tyrone drinks and puts the glass down, missing the table, but placing the glass behind the screen. It appears on the screen, as if it is sitting on the table.

HALF FULL (Megarrity/Green)

There stands the glass
Transparently cool
Staring back at me
There's been many a slip between cup and a lip
And I'm wondering ...
should I take a sip?

Half filled half spilled
Half full and half empty
At low tide you can still see the sea
And that's enough for me

Should I wait till I evaporate?
Or I think should I drink
Watch the level sink?
Or stay half full (*fool*)
half sensible
for you

Half drenched, half quenched
Half satisfied, half thirsty
Half a mind. half inclined, only partially
A glass half full won't say 'poor me' (*pour me*)

...in this state with feelings mixed and straight
Though I know if you show... I could overflow
So I'll stay half full (*fool*) ..optimistical
for you

It reflects how I'm half-blessed
How it catches the sunlight – that little bit left
A promise that's never empty for me
A glass half full is plenty for me.
At low tide you can still see the sea
A glass half full is plenty for me.

During the song, the glass/spot moves from the bottom left of the screen, to the bottom right. During this transition, it becomes a drawing of itself, and until it sits at the bottom left of the screen, on Lesley's side. The tide comes up again during the song, but differently from before. Upside down?

At the conclusion of the song, Lesley reaches behind the screen and retrieves a paper cut-out of the glass. He crumples it up and offers it to Tyrone, who's playing music to 'cover'.

TYRONE: Excuse me.

Tyrone uncrumples the paper. On the screen, the spot turns into the uncrumpling paper: on it is hand-written 'Lesley's Choice'

TYRONE: Ah. When we were talking about making this show. Well. When I was talking about making this show, I thought we'd include something special: Lesley's Choice. Where Lesley chooses the song, and I believe he's selected some images as well. These are slides you've taken, Lesley, and the song, what song do you want to do?

Lesley plays part of the bassline to the song.

TYRONE: Really? You want to do that one. Alright. Full of surprises. Lesley's Choice: *[name of song]*

Tyrone, Lesley, or a technician, sets up a smaller replica of the projection screen on the small cocktail table. Upon this smaller screen, his own images play. Gorgeous vintage celluloid slides of flowers.

Lesley's Choice *The performer 'Lesley' selects a song that has not been planned.*

ACT 3

TYRONE: Nice pictures, Lesley.

TYRONE pulls down the mini-screen

I have a confession to make. I'm a recreational user of...poetry. I am. This next song is inspired by the poet Phillip Larkin. He wrote this poem called Broadcast, the picture of the poem is of a man sitting at home, on his own, listening to a live concert on the wireless. A concert which he knows his loved one is attending. And the poem talks about him listening to the signal 'trying to pick out her hands, tiny in all that air, applauding.' It's a lonesome image, but it served as the starting point for this next song which is called 'Old Fashioned'. It's got a whistling part in it. Would you whistle with us? Just do what Lesley does.

OLD FASHIONED (Megarrity/Vincent)

Dust motes just float
In a shaft of light
Twilight's alright
By the radio
By the radio light

Tune in to the band
All that applause
I love it because
Out of all those hands
I hold yours

Our song is old fashioned now
Old fashioned now
But the years haven't dimmed the passion now
I'll broadcast it, how this love has lasted
And remember you, when the song was new
I always hoped we'd be together this long
Listening out for our favourite song

The show may be over
We're off the air
But a song goes on
Yes a song goes on
Yes our song goes on
Somewhere out there

The spot transitions into various round objects that relate to the song, beginning with an art-deco circular wireless unit, spinning records, the hole where the spindle goes (shining brightly) and perhaps a fade into a galaxy. Perhaps save the back-curtain stars for this moment. The song ends. Tyrone goes for a drink.

His glass is not there anymore.

TYRONE: Somewhere out there. Somewhere out there Out there in the dark.
It's infinitely dark out there. Points of light, sure, but mostly dark.
We're quite small, really, in all that darkness.
Excuse me for a moment. I need to leave the stage in the middle of the show.
Can you take over for a moment, Lesley?

Lesley plays some music. It syncs with some pre-recorded music. 'Artificial Snow'

Mise en Abyme sequence

Tyrone walks behind the screen. A Mise en Abyme moment occurs, with recursive images of the stage picture (Tyrone walking behind the screen) repeating until there are multiple small screens on the screen. The 'spot', now small, rises to beyond the perceived edge of the screen. Into it climbs Tinyrone, a crudely rendered small version of Tyrone (clearly a modified Ken-Doll) Tyrone walks out and sees him. He reaches behind the screen and retrieves him. As he 'pulls him out' the mise en abyme state stretches back into the standard state.

TYRONE: Look what I found, Lesley. We're a trio. I'll call him... Tinyrone.

Tyrone offers Tinyrone to Lesley. Lesley already has a full-size Tyrone in his life, so he refuses. Tyrone decides to put Tinyrone on the cocktail table.

Here you go, little feller, it's a bit brighter out here. Less lonely too, though you may have a sense that you're being watched.

The little manikin is framed by the mini-screen. Tyrone makes a pattering sound on his ukulele. Lesley joins him on the bass.

TYRONE: The songs fill a gap, but there are gaps between the songs. You can fill a gap with patter. Words reigning over the stage. Patter. It's also the stuff you say between songs.

The pattering continues. A small cloud appears on the screen, over Tinyrone's head. The song begins.

YOU MAY AS WELL SMILE (Megarrity/Green)

When the sunshine's gone and a cold wind blows,
the sky is hanging grey and low,
the nimbus is all cumulo
the days pass slow with nothing to show
and everything is so... 'so-so'
there s only one way to go
so here's my motto...

you may as well smile
cause we're all stuck here together here for a while
the reasons to frown all fall down in a pile
so you may as well...

...may as well smile
'cause we'll all make our exit in single file
the line could be short, or a queue of a mile
so you may as well smile

it may be overcast but it won't last
Most of those clouds are toasted by sunshine
so we should be kind
while there is still time

so you may as well...

...may as well smile
whether you pull a bride or a trolley up the aisle
you could slip, you could trip but you'll do it with style

so come on...
you may as well... you may as well smile.

...may as well smile
whether you pull a bride or a trolley up the aisle
you could slip, you could trip but you'll do it with style
so come on...
you may as well... you may as well ...
you may as well... you may as well...
smile.

(video action needs clarification) The spot moves down to Tinyrone, and settles on the small screen. Within the spot, a little animation is superimposed onto the screen and figurine. A little jewel in a grayscale show.

*The cloud rains on Tinyrone.
From his position near the mic, Tyrone 'blows' the cloud away.
It reveals a light bulb. Perhaps little moths surround it.
The cloud drifts back in and starts raining again.
It reveals a round window. The cloud appears within the window.
Tyrone 'blows' the cloud away.*

Option: Tinyrone appears to be standing in a glass, which is filled to half full by the animated rain. This is likely to rely on design. Honestly I still don't know what to do with this sequence. Need to keep it simple. NS?

At the end of the song the music rests for a moment (reprising MDHF riff?) then Tyrone picks up the small version of himself, and makes it 'bow' alongside himself and Lesley. The spot returns to its neutral position.

TYRONE: Come to think of it maybe merch is an option to get us out of this spot.
Tyrone and Lesley inaction figures. Poseable. With much that is unarticulated. But
He's no good on his own. It'd need to be a duo.

(pause)

Tinyrone and..Li'l Lesley. Collect 'em all. We'd be millionaires.

Lesley is cautious, at best, about the idea.

OK. You're right, Lesley. It'd never work. Figures. You're out of the band.
But you'll have your moment in the spotlight.
(What you find in the night, you lose in the light?)

Tyrone gets rid of the little screen and puts Tinyrone behind the large screen.

Lesley, what *would* I do without you?

TYRONE: This next song's all about a duo. Well, it is a duo, until someone leaves that duo.
In the middle of a song.

UNACCOMPANIED (Megarrity/Vincent)

Unaccompanied
No ensemble, no harmony
But in my heart
I hear your part
Unaccompanied

Unaccompanied
Without the backing I need
heart in throat
with every note
unaccompanied

It was "Ciao Bella"
Now I'm a-capella
We can't be a pair
Without you there
And I won't forget
How you ended our set

Unaccompanied
Unexpectedly singing lead
The duo's solo
It's just me (so)
Unaccompanied

no guest vocalist
a beat thumps in my chest
the chorus I knew
was the coda for you
showstopper indeed
now I am freed
and

Unaccompanied
Sing a song to stalls of empty seats
Row upon row
Where did they go
Unaccompanied

Unaccompanied
No offside beside of me
It's dark and it's late
It resonates
an echo dies
Out there it flies
the silence recedes
and it's just me
unaccompanied

Tyrone and Lesley play the song 'Unaccompanied', a torch song.

The video is still and quiet for most of the song. At a certain point, a moon appears, high and to the right, beyond the perceived edge of the screen, onto the venue wall. transformed into the soundhole of a ukulele. At the coda of the song, Lesley leaves the stage.

His feet are still visible. Tyrone continues the song, unaccompanied, and turns to find his musical partner gone.

A pre-recorded weft is heard.

Towards the end of the song, Tinyrone is revealed, backstage, holding a ukulele, a small image on the bottom left hand side of the screen. Another recursive image.

Tinyrone. On the screen, looks up at the ukulele moon.

Tyrone, in front of the screen, does the same.

The image fades. Tyrone is alone. The uke-hole moons remain,

He plays his ukulele to accompany the onscreen action.

Onscreen, A door opens, (SFX?) letting light into the black. It is Lesley, in screenland. Very small, in a big black space. He walks across the dark space, to look up into the uke-hole moon. He waves.

At this moment, Tyrone looks into his uke. Perhaps, in the depths of its sound hole, he sees Lesley waving up at him.

Tyrone double-takes. A long, slow double-take. This is the effect: that Tyrone has Lesley contained in his ukulele, and that perhaps all of us (the audience included) are also contained in a ukulele. Perhaps Tyrone waves back.

Lesley waves/re-crosses space (storyboard this), and emerges from behind the screen with a drink.

TYRONE: Lesley... You missed my solo spot.

Lesley holds up his drink – it has umbrellas and is fancy, or is a chocolate milk. He takes a sip, places it on the ground, and picks up his bass. TYRONE looks as though he might be about to say something meaningful.

It's dark out there, isn't it? It's lighter now you're back in your spot. Well! We have the night, we have the music, we're all dressed up. They're all dressed up. Let's take it to the dance floor.

The Spot multiplies, and goes wild, like a Hollywood Gala during the instrumental, 'Tinyrone' appears, onscreen, tap-dancing.

ALL DRESSED UP (Megarritty/Vincent)

Underwear, outerwear
Looking in the mirror there
Style my hair, time to spare
Waiting in a corner chair

the radio, the night shadows
the start of the affair
night is here, my ride is here
time to cross that thoroughfare

Tighten up , brighten up
Things are going to lighten up, so
I'm all dressed up...
and I've finally got somewhere to go

mirror in the powder room
lined up and ready to blow
Tying bows and bowing ties
One last look and go

line the walls, the music calls
eyes towards the door-o
I'm alarmed when you take my arm
And guide me to the floor-o

Possessed by an effortlessness
Only us in this crowded room
My flowers are pressed
As this wallflower blooms
So dance with me
Set the floor on fire
With vertical expression
Of horizontal desire

The music's died, come outside
Our hands upon the rail.
About the time your eyes met mine
I thought my heart would fail

the end of the night, under moonlight
I think that I want you to know
I've been dressed up for years, but now that you're here
I've finally got somewhere to go

TYRONE: I say the glass... is a third full. Take a sip and it might hit the spot, but when the window's brim full of sky, and the moon's your spotlight, and you have each other, who needs fame and fortune?

Clouds come and go. Darkness waxes and wanes. We've created all these little lamps to fight it off. Maybe they're a constellation that will outshine us all. For us, every song's a window, spilling out light and music. That's the spot where we belong.

We've found our light together, and it's been much better with you here. Because when you beam, we're aglow. My name is Tyrone, and this is my friend Lesley. And what I'm saying now is the introduction to the last song.

I'M GONNA DREAM (Megarrity/Vincent)

When night leans against the window
And lightless sky makes no shadow
And gloom blooms in your room,
Know that soon

The start of each day is one bright ray
Til the light bulb's a sun beam
I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna dream

The sound of rain against that pane
Til the gutter's but a sparkling stream
I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna dream

Cause they're the lightest part of a weightless heart
And when they've flown we can forget
The future's just a present that we haven't opened yet

Morning soon sun meets moon
Til the drops on the leaves all gleam
I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna dream

The night can't be as dark as it seems
As dark as it seems
I'm gonna dream
X 4

Cause they're the brightest part of a brilliant start
when they've blown we can forget
The future's just a present that we haven't opened yet

Repeat V3 with coda

I'm Gonna Dream is a more complex sequence involving light bulbs and windows, sun, moon and rain. At the beginning of the second verse, Tyrone pushes an onscreen lightbulb and 'makes it swing'. In the middle of the song ('the night can't be as dark as it seems') Tyrone collects them from the base of the screen and lets them sprinkle to the ground.

*There is a **bouncing ball** moment. The lyrics are
The night can't be as dark as it seems. As dark as it seems, I'm gonna dream.
This repeats 4 times – let's talk about how the text is placed and progresses.*

*The song ends. Bows.
Music: pre-recorded. Tyrone and Lesley both go behind the screen, and do the lights switching off thing.*

*The title of the show appears.
Slide: 'the end' Superimposed on a glorious flower slide of Lesley's.*

The spot shrinks and closes, black. Post show state. Credits. Post- show drinks.